

Secret Identities

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Secret Identities

by [Spidey Sins](#)

Summary

When he was 14 he was bitten by a radioactive spider and got superpowers. Among these were super strength, super flexibility, and a really nice body. He wasn't going to deny it. So, having all kinds of dance experience from taking dance and gymnastics since he was 4, he did the first thing that anyone would.

He looked into becoming a stripper.

Notes

Not gonna lie, this is mostly just self indulgent. And i also have no real plan, but i do plan for it to be multi chapter. Feel free to give me plot ideas in the comments lol

Edit: i have it mapped out so that i will probably have it somewhere around 10 chapters. And i want to say that I will post a chapter a week but I dont have that kind of self control so I will probably post the second chapter in like an hour.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Working Boy

It was just a normal day for Peter. He had to go to work at Stark Industries in the morning, he went to dance at 2, and then spent the rest of his day at home.

Until 7. Then he had to go to his night job. Well...his other night job.

See, Peter worked as a stripper. It wasn't because he had to be. It was because he liked it.

When he was 14 he was bitten by a radioactive spider and got superpowers. Among these were super strength, super flexibility, and a really nice body. He wasn't going to deny it. So, having all kinds of dance experience from taking dance and gymnastics since he was 4, he did the first thing that anyone would.

He looked into becoming a stripper.

Sure, he couldn't do it until he was 18, but it was something that he had been thinking about. And in that time he learned that he was a bit of a slut. He liked different attention that he got because of his body and his skills. And he used it to his advantage.

But anyways. He got a job with a strip club when he was 19 and he had been there for three years. And he still loved it as much as the day he started.

But he had determined that secret identities weren't just for superheroes. He realised that he needed to keep his job from everyone, no matter how much he loved it. Because it was just so taboo, a feminine male stripper. So he didn't tell anyone, and he made sure that he never ran into anyone he knew. He went by Silk, his second secret identity.

He was able to walk to the club from his apartment, not worrying about anything happening to him. If he had any problems, he knew how to take care of himself. It just came with being a superhero.

He walked into the dressing room, immediately setting his bag down. He unzipped it and pulled out his outfit for the night; a plain black skater skirt that would be easy to take off, a sheer, pale pink body-suit that hid nothing, and a pair of black platform heels that had cords that laced up his legs. He got dressed, admiring himself in the mirror. He knew he looked good. Then he worked on his makeup. He decided to go simple with a generous coating of red-tinted lipgloss and a single coat of black mascara. Perfect.

Then it was his time to go out.

He strutted out, confidence practically radiating off of him. This was his element. Maybe Peter Parker thrived in an atmosphere of science, but Silk was completely different. He loved to be in the spotlight.

His song started, Toxic, his favorite, and he started his routine. He wrapped his hand around the pole and looked out into the audience with a faux-shy smile. And right there in the front, he stared into the eyes of-

Shit.

That was going to make work awkward in the morning.

It was Mr. Stark.

Toxic

Chapter Summary

Peter's internal monologue was going insane at the sight of his boss/unrealistic crush watching him. He knew that he needed to start his routine because the music hadn't stopped just because his brain had.

Chapter Notes

I have no self control. Heres the second chapter lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Shit. This was not happening. Peter's internal monologue was going insane at the sight of his boss/unrealistic crush watching him. He knew that he needed to start his routine because the music hadn't stopped just because his brain had. So he started his dance, trying to regain his composure.

Baby, can't you see

I'm calling

A guy like you should wear a warning

It's dangerous

I'm falling

Peter swung his leg around the pole, keeping his eyes out to the audience. He pulled himself up a little bit so that he could spin down while facing everyone and land on his knees.

There's no escape

I can't wait

I need a hit

Baby, give me it

You're dangerous

I'm loving it

He lightly bit into his plush bottom lip, crawling to the front of the stage towards his audience. He smiled a little as he saw all of the tips being thrown towards him. But he didn't take them yet. He moved back to the pole, slowly standing up and gripping it again.

Too high

Can't come down

Losin' my head

Spinnin' 'round and 'round

Do you feel me now?

He pulled himself up, getting close to the top of the pole. He hooked his leg around the pole to keep himself steady before dropping his head back and sliding one hand over his chest sensually.

The taste of your lips

I'm on a ride

You're toxic I'm slippin' under

With a taste of a poison paradise

I'm addicted to you

Don't you know that you're toxic?

Peter suddenly dropped back down, catching himself just before he hit the floor. He gently lowered himself to the floor, laying on his back. He lifted his hips, sliding his skirt off and tossing it to the back of the stage to grab later. Now he was completely on show, his sheer body-suit doing nearly nothing to hide the semi he had been sporting since he laid eyes on Mr. Stark. He heard whistles and saw dollar bills being thrown onto the stage and he grinned. That was what he liked to see.

He did the rest of his routine flawlessly, sending doe eyed glances out to the crowd that drove everyone wild. All that was left was the finale.

With the taste of your lips

I'm on a ride

You're toxic I'm slippin' under

With a taste of the poison paradise

I'm addicted to you

Don't you know that you're toxic?

Peter rolled his body so that he was nearly in a sitting position, staying like that only for a moment before rolling back so that he was nearly grinding against the pole. He moved to the front of the pole, reaching behind him to grab it above his head, pulling himself up as he faced the audience. Then he dropped down at the end of the song, landing with his knees spread and his arms still above his head. Nailed it.

He laughed a little at the whistles he got, slowly standing up and collecting the money on the stage. He allowed himself one quick glance to Mr. Stark, fighting down the proud feeling that he felt bubbling up as he saw the impressed expression on the older man's face. He sent a waggle fingered wave his way before turning, grabbing his skirt, and walking off stage.

He felt like it was a successful show.

Chapter End Notes

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Awkward-dyke.tumblr.com

Ill try to be posting a chapter a week but we'll see how that works out.

The Talk

Chapter Summary

He glanced over to where Mr. Stark had been sitting.

And he wasn't there.

Peter wanted to believe that was a good thing, and maybe they could both just forget that it ever happened...

Then someone grabbed Peter's wrist

Chapter Notes

Im back! I couldnt wait until tomorrow to post this chapter lol its fun, but really just a tease. The real fun stuff starts next chapter, so be patient!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter changed into a black, strappy bodysuit and put his skirt back on when he went out to work the room. He tried to avoid Mr. Stark, his face burning a little bit.

A couple of people asked for lap dances, so of course he didn't deny them. Nearly an hour went by and he had made a good amount of money. Then he glanced over to where Mr. Stark had been sitting.

And he wasn't there.

Peter wanted to believe that was a good thing, and maybe they could both just forget that it ever happened...

Then someone grabbed Peter's wrist.

He turned around, face burning when he saw just the person that he was trying to avoid.

"How much for a private dance?" The older man asked, his gaze never leaving Peter's face.

"It-It's \$100 for a VIP room..." Peter stuttered, his hands anxiously tugging at the hem of his skirt. He hated how his character broke, but he couldn't help it. He could easily be fired from his job at SI, kicked off of the Avengers team, have Mr. Stark take the suits that he had made...yeah, he was panicking.

Tony nodded. "Okay. Well, how about you show me the way? I'll pay upfront."

Peter was confused. He didn't understand how Mr. Stark could act so calm about something so...risky. For Peter, at least. He had so much that could go wrong if Mr. Stark had the wrong reaction. But the other man was acting like it was completely normal. What the hell? Peter just didn't understand.

"Uh...sure. This way." Peter started walking, feeling shaken from the entire situation, but trying not to show it.

Tony followed right behind him, hands tucked in his pockets. He seemed completely normal, his expression not giving anything away. He handed Peter- er, *Silk*- the money for the dance, not missing how flustered the kid seemed.

Peter went into one of the VIP rooms, feeling a slight sense of relief that no one else was in the room. Usually there were at least a couple of other people getting and giving dances in the rooms, but the room was empty. That was good, in case Mr. Stark wanted to bring up any of the superhero part of Peter's identity.

"So...you just...sit here. And I can start my song and-"

Tony cut Peter off. "I came here for a place to talk, not to see you dance. Even though I wouldn't mind seeing that again." He watched as Peter's face flushed a pretty pink at the comment. "Although, I'm assuming there are cameras?"

Peter just nodded, unable to form words. He couldn't stop focusing on the fact that Mr. Stark had implied that he liked how he had danced.

Tony nodded. "Okay. Well, I can probably get your boss to delete a few minutes of footage as long as they see that we were just talking, hm?"

Another nod from Peter.

“Okay. Perfect.” Tony sat down on the couch, looking at Peter for a moment as he carefully thought about what to say. “So...I didn’t expect to see you here when I decided to stop by here tonight. Although you seem skilled. How long have you been here?” he asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

Peter cast his gaze to the ground, anxiously tugging on his skirt again. “A couple years. Since I was nineteen,” he answered shyly.

Tony relaxed a little bit. “Okay. I just wanted to be sure that you hadn’t been working here when you were still a minor. That would be...*very* illegal.”

Peter nodded quickly. “Oh, don’t worry about that. I didn’t want to do anything illegal...so I waited until I was eighteen to start looking. And even then, clubs wouldn’t hire me because of how young I look.” It had been a bit of a struggle to get to his current job.

Tony nodded. “Well, at least that we know that these clubs aren’t going to accept any minors to work. That’s always a good assurance.” He relaxed visibly. “Who knew Spidey was using his powers like this?” He murmured, not talking to anyone in particular.

Peter just shrugged as he blushed, not quite sure where to go with the conversation. He was still anxious and fidgety, not sure what to do with himself.

Tony noticed the lull in conversation and cleared his throat. “Well, I guess I’ll be going. I’m assuming that you won’t want this to be brought up after we leave this room.”

Peter didn’t hesitate in nodding.

Tony smiled a little bit, standing up from his spot on the couch. “Okay. For what it’s worth, you’re an amazing dancer.” And with that, he turned to walk out. He didn’t need to stay. Because if he stayed, he would only end up jealous of whoever the boy was eventually with. Because he had wanted the boy since he was legal. Four long years he had a silly crush on someone over two decades younger than him. He knew that it had been a mistake in even staying in the club once he saw Peter.

“B-but you paid for a private dance,” Peter said quietly, his voice shy. He figured that this was his chance to really show off his skills for Mr. Stark. And maybe see how the man would react. “I wouldn’t want you to leave without getting what you paid for.”

Tony felt his heartbeat speed up at the words. “I wouldn’t want to overstep,” he answered simply, turning to face Peter again. He didn’t miss how the younger man was now biting his lip in what seemed to be a seductive way. And holy shit was it working. Tony’s knees felt weak and he didn’t feel like he could tell Peter no.

“Please, Mr. Stark,” Peter practically purred. “Don’t you want to see me dance?”

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to comment and find me on tumblr at [awkward-dyke!](#)

Private Dance

Chapter Summary

Peter's heart was pounding. He didn't know what had come over him. He should have just let Mr. Stark leave and then they would have never brought it up again. But Peter just had to make things worse.

Chapter Notes

This is a much longer chapter than previous chapters lol and somewhat into the steamy stuff but that'll be more in chapter five. Hope you all like it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was no possible way for Tony to say no to that. No way in hell. He couldn't say no to someone that he had wanted for so long, no matter the circumstance. And the tone of Peter's voice and the look in his eyes...damn, Tony would be dreaming about that for a long time. So he just nodded, watching Peter.

Peter's heart was pounding. He didn't know what had come over him. He should have just let Mr. Stark leave and then they would have never brought it up again. But Peter just had to make things worse.

He showed Tony back to his seat, biting his lip when he saw how the man was looking at him. "Were you thinking more of a lap dance style dance or did you want to see more of what I did on stage?" he asked, glancing to the pole near the couch where Mr. Stark was sitting.

Tony wanted to say lap dance. But he knew that he wouldn't be able to keep his hands off of Peter. "More of what I saw earlier." It wasn't like he would complain about it. It was all so good.

Peter wouldn't lie, he was a little bit disappointed. But he wouldn't argue. "Okay, sir," he responded politely, already sashaying over to the pole. He climbed onto the short platform, glancing over his shoulder to see that Mr. Stark was still sitting down. He was.

Tony looked entranced already and Peter hadn't even started dancing. He had it bad for this boy.

After starting his music, Peter went back to the pole, closing his eyes and swaying a bit to the beat to get a feel for the song. He opened his eyes again once he was sure that he knew what he could do for his dance. Then he heard Mr. Stark speak.

“What if you do a mix? Dance some over there and then come over here.”

Peter didn't hesitate in nodding. “Yes, sir. I can do that.”

Tony smiled a little. “Kid, for the last time, call me Tony.” He had told Peter that more times than he could count. But he still insisted on calling him ‘Mr. Stark’ or ‘Sir’.

Peter giggled softly, unable to help himself. “Okay, *Tony*,” he replied, his tone almost teasing. He had never felt quite comfortable calling Mr. Stark by his first name, but he figured that he might as well call Mr. Stark- er, Tony- whatever he wants.

Then he finally started his dance, starting with the pole. He focused on the music again, closing his eyes. He spun around slowly, gracefully gliding down onto his knees. Finally, he was able to relax a little bit as he focused on his dance and not who he was dancing for.

Tony watched as the boy danced, completely mesmerised by the performance. He couldn't wrap his brain around the fact that *Peter Parker*, someone so innocent and naive seeming, could be so sexy and graceful and *god, Tony couldn't think straight*.

Peter went on with his dance, looking completely carefree. Then he decided that he was at a point in the song that he could start the...other portion of the dance. He opened his eyes, biting his lip gently as he started walking towards Tony.

Tony froze in place, seeing Peter moving towards him. In that moment he had a realisation that he was about to get part of what he had wanted for so long. And he was also caught up in his thoughts of what a horrible idea this was. But he decided that he wanted to let himself enjoy this. He wanted to let himself enjoy something for once.

Peter tried not to look too nervous, ignoring the shaking in his hands. He went over to Tony, carefully putting his hands on the older man's thighs.

Tony sucked in a sharp breath, his hands staying in balled up fists at his sides in an attempt to keep

them off of Peter.

The younger man didn't like that very much. He had a moment of boldness and moved Tony's hands onto his hips. "You can touch me," Peter whispered. "I don't mind."

Tony's eyes widened slightly. "A-are you sure?" If he didn't know any better, those actions and words would have made him question if Peter liked him back.

Of course, he quickly pushed the thought out of his mind. Peter just wanted to get paid. The boy was a stripper. Tony's money was all that he wanted.

Peter's heart felt like it was beating out of his chest. He couldn't believe that Tony was touching him. And he had been the one to encourage Tony to touch him. Wow. He felt like he was dreaming. And he was slightly thrilled with how he could hear Tony's heartbeat. It was so fast.

So before he could stop himself, he was straddling Tony's lap, bringing his knees up to the sides of the older man's legs. "Is this okay?" he whispered.

If asked, Peter was only in that position because it was how a lot of dancers would perform a lap dance. Really, he loved being in the intimate-seeming position with Tony. Even if he was the only one picturing it that way.

Tony nodded, feeling like he couldn't breathe. There was no way that this was really happening. He could have sworn that he was dreaming. Nothing like that would ever happen outside his dreams. "Peter," he breathed, trying hard to keep his physical reactions at bay.

Peter couldn't handle himself. He knew that he was getting hard, but he couldn't help it. He just hoped that Tony wouldn't notice.

Tony noticed. As Peter kept circling his hips as he danced, Tony could feel the slight pressure and heat of the younger man's erection through his flimsy outfit.

But Peter kept his dance up, trying to simply focus on making it through the second song and not dying of embarrassment.

Then Tony tightened his grip slightly. Peter had slightly started grinding against him, whether he meant to or not. And it had caused Tony to lose the control that he had been using to keep himself from getting hard.

Peter yelped a little bit as Tony held him tighter. "Wha-what is it?" He asked, not realising what he had done.

Tony closed his eyes. "Pete, I think this was a bad idea..."

The hurt look on Peter's face was entirely genuine. "Bu-but I just wanted to give you what you paid for..." he sounded so guilty.

"But I can't be doing this. You don't understand. I'm sorry." Tony let go of Peter's hips like he had touched something hot.

Peter didn't move. "Then help me understand. Why can't you do this if you seem like you like it?"

Tony looked pained. "Kid..."

"I'm not a kid anymore," Peter snapped, suddenly seeming upset. "I'm not a kid and I'm sick of you acting like I can't possibly understand what you mean. I'm a grown man and I can understand things. I'm not sixteen and still learning. I can understand things. So explain why you can't do this if you like it."

Overwhelmed by the words, Tony found himself only wanting to say the truth. "Because I like it. That's the problem. I've had my eyes on you for longer than I'd care to admit. And all this is doing is letting me give into those fantasies and that's not something I need to be doing."

They were both silent for a moment, taking in Tony's confession.

"I like you too," Peter whispered after what felt like a lifetime, his face flushed dark.

That's all that it took. Those four words.

Tony didn't want to think about consequences or all that could go wrong. He just let his desires take over, his mouth meeting Peter's.

A confused noise left the younger man, but he parted his lips into the kiss, relaxing almost immediately.

The kisses quickly escalated, Peter eventually becoming a whimpering, squirming mess in Tony's lap.

Peter couldn't stop himself from grinding down on Tony's lap again.

"Let's get out of here," Tony breathed, gently biting the shell of Peter's ear. He didn't miss the way that the boy shivered at the movement.

Peter felt like his voice wasn't working. So all he could say was: "Let's do it."

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, please leave a comment and/or follow me at [awkwrd-dyke.tumblr.com!](https://awkwrd-dyke.tumblr.com/)

Let's Get Out of Here

Chapter Summary

Tony didn't mind. He laughed, kissing back. "You're really excited about this, aren't you?" he teased, as though he wasn't currently harder than he could ever remember being.

Peter immediately nodded. He figured that there was really no point in lying about it. "I've imagined being with you since I was a teenager," he breathed.

Chapter Notes

So, sorry this is a day late. Also sorry that its a short chapter. Its not really what i wanted to put out this week, but ive had bad writers block *and* ive been trying to work on my kinktober stuff and...yeah. The chapter will be better next week!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony didn't want to wait at all to get home. So he quickly called his driver and told him to take them to the nearest hotel. Stark tower was too far and they didn't want to wait.

Peter definitely didn't want to wait. He had hurried back to the dressing room, pulled on a sweatshirt and skirt, changed his shoes, and met Tony back at the front of the club in five minutes. He was practically vibrating with excitement, bouncing on the balls of his feet while he waited outside with Tony. He couldn't help but kiss the older man every few moments, trying to convince himself that it was really happening. He wasn't dreaming.

Tony didn't mind. He laughed, kissing back. "You're really excited about this, aren't you?" he teased, as though he wasn't currently harder than he could ever remember being.

Peter immediately nodded. He figured that there was really no point in lying about it. "I've imagined being with you since I was a teenager," he breathed. "Even before I met you," he admitted. Ah, what a twist of fate it had been when his celebrity crush had shown up in his apartment, only to tell him that he knew Peter's identity as the masked web-slinger.

And Peter's crush had only grown from there. It had been years and the huge attraction that he felt towards the older man never lessened.

Tony didn't look too surprised. He had figured that Peter had a thing for him when he was younger, he just hadn't known how deep it went.

"And I...I can't believe that I'm...that w-we're...y'know," Peter stuttered, his face flushed a light red. Once he was out of work, he was back to blushy, stuttering Peter Parker. But luckily Tony didn't seem to mind.

In fact, Tony seemed to enjoy it. He loved seeing Peter that way, shy, flustered...god, it was amazing. "Slow down, Pete, don't hurt yourself," he teased again, kissing the younger man softly.

Peter melted at the kiss, loving when Tony initiated the kisses. "I'm just excited," he mumbled once Tony had pulled away, licking his lips.

Tony chuckled softly. "I can tell." He grabbed Peter's hand once he saw Happy's car pull up. "Okay, Pete, here he is. Ready to head to the hotel?"

Peter nodded enthusiastically. "Yes. Let's go!" He was obviously looking forward to it a lot.

A quiet laugh left Tony as he opened the door for Peter to get into the backseat with him.

Happy raised an eyebrow, seeing Peter. "Where am I taking you again?" He asked Tony, obviously confused.

Tony ran a hand through his hair. "Wherever the closest hotel is. I don't care about ratings. We just need to get there." He didn't have to say what they were doing, Happy was used to the routine by now. He just wasn't used to knowing the person that Tony was about to sleep with.

Happy didn't comment again, just starting the drive.

Peter didn't worry about his seat belt, he climbed into Tony's lap as soon as they started moving. Kissing the older man again, he draped his legs on either side of his lap. Then he started grinding down, trying to get friction.

Tony broke the kiss, licking his lips. “Hey, settle down. It’s not too long to the hotel and we should wait until we get there to do anything.”

But he still let Peter keep kissing him.

As expected, it only took a couple of minutes to get there. The couple got out, heading to the front desk.

The receptionist was barely phased, handing them the room key as Peter left sloppy kisses of Tony’s neck. He clearly didn’t care about making a scene.

They quickly raced to the elevator, Tony pressing Peter against the elevator wall. “God, you’re so fucking needy,” he mumbled. “You really can’t wait until we get to the room, can you?” Tony teased, watching the younger man squirm.

“Please, sir. I need you. I’ve needed you for so long.”

Now, how could Tony say no to that?

Chapter End Notes

Sorry i didnt get to the actual smutty stuff. Again, writers block.

If you liked it, feel free to comment or check me out on tumblr at awkward-dyke.tumblr.com

Morning After

Chapter Notes

Sorry I've been gone so long! But I hope everyone liked my kinktober works that read them! I will be back to posting every Saturday again

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter woke up the next morning, sighing happily as he felt that Tony's arms were still around him. He never wanted to move from that spot. He felt safe, cuddled up with his long term crush.

But he should have known that it was too good to last.

Tony woke up only a few moments later, sitting up and stretching. He made a point to ignore the sigh that he heard from Peter. He already felt guilty about their activities the previous night, he didn't need to give into what he wanted any more than he already had. It wasn't okay. And he knew that. He needed to distance himself.

The older man stood up, not hesitating as he pulled on his clothes from the previous night. He was going to attempt to go about this as professional as possible. He couldn't let himself get any more attached.

Peter looked confused, pulling the scratchy hotel-sheets over himself, still completely bare. "What are you doing?" He asked. "What about...all of the things that you said last night? About me being more than just a one night stand." He was obviously hurt.

"Well, I lied." The words hurt Tony to even say. He wanted Peter to be so much more than a one time fuck. But the boy deserved so much more than what he could give. "I'm sorry, kid. I just...I'm too old for you. You deserve someone...who's not me."

Peter made an indignant noise. "Maybe I just want you. Have you thought about that? I've had a crush on you since I knew what having a crush was. And then I met you and you recruited me and took me to Germany and holy shit. It was so much worse. And that was seven and a half years ago! Mr. Stark, Tony, whatever you want me to call you, I'm old enough to know what I want. And I want you. And...I mean going off of what we did last night, you want me too. So what's your deal?"

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose. “Peter, you’re in your early twenties. You need to...be with people your age. Not me. Your boss.” He sighed. “What happened last night stays in the past. And it stays between us, okay?”

The younger man was upset and angry, tears threatening to spill over. “So I finally have what I’ve wanted for a long time within my reach and you yank it away from me because of something that isn’t even a reason. That’s so stupid,” he snapped, standing up and pulling his clothes back on.

Tony hated having Peter mad at him. It tore him to pieces. Broke his heart. But he kept up a blank expression, not letting any of that show. “Well, I’m sorry you think that way. But we really can’t be together. And no one can know about this. It wouldn’t look good for you if people hear that I slept with one of my employees. People might call your actual qualifications into question.”

Peter rolled his eyes, huffing. “Yeah. Okay.” He crossed his arms, standing across from Tony at the end of the bed. The statement hurt, Tony implying that people would believe that Peter slept his way to his job.

“And if anyone tried to get a picture of you, your identity as Silk could get out. And you wouldn’t want that, would you? I mean, obviously you try to hide it.”

It almost sounded like a threat, even if it wasn’t intentional. But that was how Peter took it. He narrowed his eyes as the tears finally spilled over, walking towards the door. “Fuck you, Tony.” his voice broke at the end, betraying him by showing how broken up he was about the situation.

He walked out without another word, slamming the door behind him.

Tony sighed, sitting on the bed again. He had gotten the needed effect. Peter hated him. He wouldn’t try to be around him. It was what was necessary.

Even if it wasn’t what he wanted.

Chapter End Notes

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Back At It

Chapter Summary

He knew it was a terrible decision. Especially with how he had left things with Peter. But he hoped that he could just stay hidden. Out of the boy's sight. So he could just admire from a distance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A whole week had passed. Tony hadn't even seen Peter, refused to see him during lab work, for avengers business, for anything.

Then he decided to go back by the club.

He knew it was a terrible decision. Especially with how he had left things with Peter. But he hoped that he could just stay hidden. Out of the boy's sight. So he could just admire from a distance.

So he found himself at the club, taking a seat in the back. He knew that he had timed it just right so he arrived just before Peter's set. And he was right.

Just as he sat down, Silk made his appearance. He looked even more delectable than before, but maybe that was just Tony's thinking. There was still a pained feeling in his gut at the thought of how Peter had left that hotel room. He had been so upset.

Tony had been too, but he couldn't show it. He knew he needed to push Peter away. Couldn't let the kid get more attached than he already was. Tony wasn't any good for him.

So he just sat back in his seat, relaxed as he could be, and watched.

Then Peter looked right at him, a devilish look in his eye. Great

Five minutes before his set.

“Parker. Not to be the bearer of bad news...but I think he’s here.”

Peter hummed, listening to Christine, one of his fellow dancers. He wasn’t really sure that she would be considered a friend, but she was always good for gossip or news of a wealthy watcher in the audience. “Who?”

“Peter, don’t play dumb. It’s not a good look for you,” the woman mumbled. “Who’s the guy that you’ve been moping over for as long as I’ve known you? Especially so since he last appeared here?”

Peter groaned, dropping his head against the mirror and effectively smearing the glitter that he had been trying to apply to his cheekbones. “Shit. Seriously? Is he trying to torture me?” He grumbled.

Christine just shrugged. “Just wanted to give you a heads up.” She smacked his ass playfully. “Now, I don’t know what the dirt is between you two, but I can tell there’s something. So go work harder than you ever have. Make him jealous of what he can’t have.” She grinned. “Unless I’m misreading this whole thing.”

Peter glanced to her as he fixed his makeup. “No, you’re right. Sort of.” He hummed, thinking. “And I think I know exactly what to do.”

He stood up straight, done with the finishing touches on his look for the night. “Now, how do I look?”

“Like you’re about to go make that billionaire playboy cream his pants,” Christine teased. “Now, go out there. Show off your stuff. And make sure to report back the look on his face once you finish.”

“Will do.”

And with that, he was strutting out on stage, outfit and makeup glittering under the lights. He knew he looked beautiful. And he looked right at Tony before he stepped up to the pole to start his routine, flashing a smile. This would be fun.

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Make Him See

Chapter Notes

Sorry this wasn't out last week. I've been in a really rough spot mentally and not really encouraged that anyone actually likes my content lol and I've been busy with a show. But here it is now. And I'll try to get another chapter out tomorrow.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter winked at Tony, swinging one leg around the pole. The move got a loud applause, the rest of the audience believing that the wink was just random. To a faceless person in the crowd.

Only Tony knew better.

He watched the young man begin his routine, expertly showing off the flexibility that he had experienced firsthand.

Peter had no problem with watching Tony through the whole thing. He kept his eyes on the older man, every dirty lip bite or wink sent in that specific direction.

The best part? There was someone else who thought Peter's eyes were on him. He was right by Tony, believing he was the one being looked at. He was even thinking about buying a dance.

That's what Peter was hoping for.

He finished his whole set, barely taking his eyes off of Tony for a second. Then he gathered his previously discarded Flores and made his way backstage to change.

Peter breathlessly ran over to Christine, laughing. "Oh my god, that was incredible. He looked ready to lose his mind. And there was a guy by him that I think is going to ask for a dance. I can't wait to see the look on his face...I'll do it right in front of him so he can see the whole thing." He grinned, a devious look in his eyes as he changed.

"Sweetheart, I hope you showed him what he's missing out on. And that you'll continue to do it." Christine kissed his cheek, leaving a bright pink lipstick mark.

"I sure tried. And I'm pretty sure it worked."

The woman nodded approvingly. "Good. Now get your sexy ass out there. I bet you'll make a lot tonight. From the sound of the applause, you did amazing. You'll really be raking in the cash tonight."

Peter giggled. "I hope so!" He looked at himself in the mirror. "I look amazing," he decided, leaving the kiss print on his cheek. "Now I'll get back out there. Work the room a little."

He didn't wait for a response from his friend before he was going out, confidently strutting out into the room.

He immediately laid eyes on the man sitting close to Tony.

The man smirked, holding out a couple of twenty dollar bills. Bingo.

Peter moved over to him, glancing over the man's shoulder and grinning a little in Tony's direction. Then he focused on his customer. "Hello, sir. How may I help? I see you've got a lot of money for me..." he giggled, biting his lip playfully.

The man smirked. "You can call me Quentin, princess. And I'm sure a pretty little thing like you has a name. May I have it?"

Peter tried not to gag at the man's overbearing ego. It was hot with Tony. Not so much with this guy. But he remembered his mission, plastering on a sensual smile. "Sorry, Quentin. I can't tell you that. I prefer just being called Silk. But...there are plenty of other things you can have from me," he said, his voice low. He could practically hear Tony grinding his teeth. It was amazing.

Quentin groaned in his ear, gripping his hips.

Peter had to fight against smacking him away. The hold on his hips hurt and he could smell the cheap alcohol on the man's breath. Gross. But he kept up his fake smile, circling his hips over the older man's. "For example...I could give you a dance?"

“That would be incredible. Please.”

Peter smirked. “Okay, sir. Whatever you want...”

Chapter End Notes

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Watching

Chapter Notes

Put out last week's chapter yesterday but still wanted to get this one out on time! Its a lot longer than normal, per requests. I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quentin knew who this particular dancer was. Peter Parker. He was some employee for Stark that he knew could never do half of the work that he had been able to. It was probably why the boy had a second job as a sex worker of all things. He wasn't good enough to actually get paid enough to pay the bills, but Stark liked his company to be filled with pretty people who could make him feel smart by comparison. It was why Quentin had gotten fired. He was actually too smart and the boss got intimidated. That, and the fact that Stark wanted to take his ideas and pass them off as his own. What an asshole.

He also was aware that the man himself was sitting behind him. Probably jealous that Quentin got the boy to come to him and Stark was ignored. Beck just thought it was karma. Tony finally was being put in his place. Shown that he couldn't always get what he wanted. Other people were allowed to play too.

So there was a clear smirk on his face as he let Silk, or Peter as he knew, dance for him. He even kept up the expression as he leaned in close, whispering in Peter's ear.

"You wanna get out of here and let me take care of you?"

Peter was so ready for the song to be over. He had what he wanted. Tony was clearly jealous. That was all he cared about. He wanted to be as far away from this annoying man as he could be.

Then Quentin was leaning in and talking and Peter didn't know what to do. On one hand, he could say yes and then just ditch the guy before they even got out of the building. On the other hand, he really didn't want the man to actually think Peter was interested.

Beck must have seen the conflict on the younger man's face. "Come on, princess. I promise I'll make it worth your while."

Peter actually almost gagged. He really wanted Quentin's hands off of him and to be as far away as possible. But instead he put on his fake smile he had been working so hard to keep up. He leaned close to Quentin to whisper in his ear, looked over his shoulder to make eye contact with Tony, and replied, "Then let's go."

Beck stood up without hesitation, wrapping an arm around Peter's waist.

Peter didn't fight it, no matter how much he wanted to. He didn't bother making an attempt to argue that he needed to change into actual clothes before leaving, because he wasn't really planning on going at all. So he just smiled, cuddling into the older man's side as they walked.

Once they were outside the building, he pulled away slowly. "Hey...I'm sorry. I just remembered that my friend asked me to cover her shift. I can't leave."

Quentin looked downright offended. "What, you just wanted to get my money and act like you were interested? That's a really shitty thing to do."

"That's what being a stripper is," Peter answered, rolling his eyes. "And I'm serious, I just remembered. I need to stay."

"Then I'll wait until you can leave."

Peter tensed up. He hadn't expected the man to put up a fight. "N-no. It will be really late. And I need to actually get some sleep tonight. I can't go with you. Sorry."

"Fuck you. You know what, I wasn't really interested. I don't want someone who's a whore for money, anyways. I know Stark is still in there, he loves that. I bet he'll give you a nice bit of cash for your time. I'm sure that's all you do when you work for him during the day, anyways," Quentin spat, red in the face.

Peter froze. "How do you know I work for him?" He asked, trying not to show how afraid he was suddenly.

"I keep a check on all his pathetic employees. I need to make sure none of them are trying to do

what Stark Industries has done for years and pass off my work as their own.”

The younger man looked horrified. “That...get away from me, creep! You’re a stalker! Why would we want your work...”

Quentin didn’t dignify that with a response. “Have a good night, Peter. I hope you have fun being a cheap bitch.”

With that, he walked away. He was angry, already coming up with ways to humiliate Peter. It was what the dancer deserved.

Peter got back inside, trembling a little and visibly shaken. He did a quick glance around the room to see if Tony was still there. He didn’t see him, which he figured was a good thing.

He went backstage, seeing Christine and smiling weakly.

The woman looked surprised to see him. “I thought you were long gone. I saw you leave with that guy.” She was obviously confused.

Peter sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I ditched him. Well, tried to. Then he got all creepy...knew my name...” He shivered.

Christine frowned. “That isn’t good. You need to have someone look into that. Because I know you keep your name under wraps here.” She hummed softly, going around the room and gathering Peter’s things to help him get ready to leave. “Y’know, Stark stormed out of here right after you...’left’. Seemed really pissed.”

Peter grabbed his things, changing into some comfortable clothes to leave in. “I can’t imagine he was very happy to see me leaving with one of his ex employees...but at least I got the desired effect? I wanted him to be jealous...”

Christine snorted. “Yeah, I think you achieved that.”

Well, at least one good thing came from that night.

Peter said goodbye to her, calling a cab before heading back to his apartment. He didn't want to risk walking if Quentin was still lurking around somewhere.

He was still extremely nervous when he got home. If Quentin had his name, could he have other information? His home address? Frequently visited spots? Work hours?

He fell into a restless sleep, plagued with anxieties.

What he didn't know was that a plan was already in the works.

Chapter End Notes

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Lay Low

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter didn't sleep soundly at all that night. He was way too nervous about Quentin and how he knew who Peter was. Plus he kept having nightmares about it.

The dreams always featured the man that tried to take him home that night. It was awful. All of them were awful.

He woke up in the morning incredibly unrested and with a whole lot of anxiety. A great way to start the day. So he called into work (both jobs, that is) and explained why he was taking the day off. To SI, it was because someone had obtained his personal information and he was staying home to fix the situation. To the club, it was because he had a client who somehow knew his name and he was afraid they would be back that night. So he was going to lay low and the bouncers were going to keep an eye out for anyone with Beck's description.

So Peter was just going to take a day at home to relax. Even though he knew that he would be stressing all day.

Two hours later, Peter was cuddled up on his couch. He had his laptop propped up on the arm of the furniture, keeping it steady. There were a lot of tabs open. The contents ranged from gossip magazines from years prior as he looked up just how many guys Tony Stark had ever been rumored to have slept with (not many, Peter was displeased to find. It was nearly all women) and just who Quentin Beck was.

There wasn't much. At first, all he could find when he did a search of the man was someone with the same name talking about an OC named Mysterious man or something along those lines, and the fact that Beck worked at Stark Industries and had gotten fired. Which he already figured.

Not very helpful.

Then he found a blog after some more searching.

The blog was run under the same alias as the role-play character he had seen earlier. Mysterio. So it must have been the same guy. Who didn't try very hard to hide it.

The blog mostly contained a lot of hate towards Tony in general, but some of it was outright claiming that projects released by the company had been stolen from other people. Which couldn't have been true. There were virtually no concrete facts in the arguments and it all came back to attacking Tony on unrelated problems. Asshole.

Eventually Peter took a break, stretching and grabbing his phone. He saw three new messages on it and raised an eyebrow, relaxing against the insane amount of throw pillows he had. Then he unlocked his phone, looking at the texts.

One was from Ned, a simple, 'So,,,did you ever talk to mr. stark after,,,yknow.'

Not exactly. And that's what he responded.

The other two messages were from Tony of all people.

'Calling in sick? Parker, he couldn't have been so good you wanted to miss work for another round. Not a chance.'

Peter rolled his eyes but read the second.

'But really, are you okay? You never miss work.'

Peter sighed before starting to type out a reply.

Me: its a long story and also none of your business

He watched as Tony started typing.

<3Boss Man: Let me guess, you're at a clinic getting tested?

Peter wrinkled his nose, offended.

Me: I didn't even sleep with him. so no. im home because I dont want to see my evil boss

Tony didn't respond for a couple minutes and Peter almost felt bad. Almost.

<3Boss Man: Evil boss isn't in the office right now, so no need to worry.

Me: well, i have other reasons to stay home. so it doesnt matter. Not everything is about you.

<3Boss Man: Other things like?

Me: none of your business

<3Boss Man: Right. Well, does happy Peter want to come back and meet me for brunch? Moody peter is no fun.

Peter paused for a moment before he responded. He didn't know what to say. What was that even about? Tony was going to reject him and then ignore him for a week, then show up at his work and storm off after Peter left with someone else? Then invite him to brunch?

He was confused.

But he could never say no to Tony. No matter how much he hated that.

Me: fine. Where do you want me to meet you?

<3Boss Man: I'll send a car to pick you up in ten minutes. I need to talk to you.

That was both terrifying and potentially promising. Peter went to get ready to leave, wondering what Tony wanted to talk about.

Me: okay

Chapter End Notes

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Kiss and Make Up

Chapter Summary

In just five minutes Peter was dressed and waiting outside. He was nervously bouncing a little, hoping that he looked presentable enough.

He hated how nervous he was about seeing a guy that had brutally rejected him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In just five minutes Peter was dressed and waiting outside. He was nervously bouncing a little, hoping that he looked presentable enough.

He hated how nervous he was about seeing a guy that had brutally rejected him.

Happy pulled up in the car a couple of minutes later, rolling down the window and looking at Peter. “Hey, kid. Uh...get in, I guess. I’ll take you to Tony...”

Peter got into the car silently, nervously running a hand through his hair. He figured that Happy had the address, so he didn’t ask. A quick google had showed him that there were two brunch places within a thirty mile radius that seemed to fit Tony’s style and budget. So he assumed they were going to one of those two places.

The atmosphere in the car was awkward and tense. The last time that Peter had seen Happy was the night that he had driven he and Tony to the hotel.

“So. You and Tony together yet?” Happy asked, breaking the silence. “Is this a date or somethin’?”

Peter’s face flushed. “No. We aren’t together. And...” he trailed off. Was it a date? Or just trying to buy back Peter’s affection?

He wasn’t sure.

The driver winced. "Oh, sorry, kid. Well, maybe this little...meeting...will have something come of it."

The younger man didn't respond, focused on picking at a piece of leather peeling up from the seat. He must have done that in the short time he had been there, Tony would never let his things show even a little bit of wear.

A couple of minutes later, they arrived. It was one of the places that Peter had figured it was going to be. Tony was kind of predictable, no matter how much he tried not to be.

Peter waved awkwardly to Happy, getting out of the car and going inside. He got a couple of odd looks, obviously not the usual patron of such a place. Too much money for him.

"I'm sure there's a table under Stark. I think he's already waiting for me." Peter sounded a mixture of tired and nervous, anxiously clenching his hands together in front of him. He tried to let the pressure ground him, bring him back down to earth. He was still terrified.

The host looked surprised at the reservation name that the nervous boy in front of him supplied, but stepped from behind his podium to lead him to the table. "Right this way...Mr. Stark has already been seated."

"Thank you," Peter whispered, running a hand through his hair.

He heard Tony before he saw him, rolling his eyes as he heard the older man laughing. He saw Tony with- who he was assuming was- the waitress for their table.

"Thank you, sweetheart, I'm sure he'll be getting here at any moment and we can order."

His eyes landed on Peter and he smiled, waving him over. "And there he is, speak of the devil."

"The devil was already here, I'm looking at him now," Peter quipped lazily, sitting in a seat across from the other man.

“Hilarious, isn’t he?” Tony said, sending a charming smile towards the woman. “Now we can order. What do you want, Peter?”

“Whatever will cost you the most money,” he deadpanned, grabbing a menu to look through. “Okay...I think I’ll have french toast, roasted potatoes, an orange, and the light beef stew. Thanks. And to drink...a glass of cranberry juice and a cup of coffee. Please.” He looked at Tony like he was going to challenge his order. In reality, he was planning on paying for it all himself, but he wanted to act like he was going to make Tony pay.

Tony snorted. “Hungry, aren’t you?” He hummed, looking at the menu. “I think I’ll have a tall stack of pancakes and two eggs, sunny side up. With coffee. Thank you.”

The waitress nodded, giving the two men an odd look as she took their menus. “It’ll be out soon, sir. I’ll bring your drinks while you wait.” She left the room without another word.

Peter looked at Tony, face not giving away any kind of motion. “Now...why am I here?” he asked, crossing his arms.

“Did you really not sleep with Beck?” Tony asked, mostly ignoring the question.

“Why does it matter to you?” Peter asked, pursing his lips. He leaned on the table partially, elbow on the table as he propped up his chin with his hand. “As I remember, you said you were too old for me. So why does it matter if I did or not?”

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose, listening. “Peter-”

“No. Don’t do that. You don’t get to patronize me like that. I’m an adult and I can make choices of my own. You told me no, so I’m free to do whatever I want with whoever I want.”

“You’re right.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “You’re just the worst. I don’t know why I agreed to this. You act like I’m a child that doesn’t know what I’m doing, then you say that I’m right in that I can make my own decisions. You’re a walking contradiction and I’m so...I’m so done.”

Tony watched him, eyes not leaving the younger man. He didn't say anything for a moment. Then he sighed. "Peter, I used to always get what I wanted. No one told me no. Now I'm actually trying to hold back from something I want and be a decent person. Because you...you deserve everything. You're the best, kindest, most perfect person I've ever met. And you deserve so much better than me. I don't know why you want me. I just...know I need to discourage it."

Peter looked at him, blinking. He didn't know what to say. And he didn't want to let himself get his hopes up with the sweet words with nothing behind them. Then he frowned. "You don't get to do this. You don't get to say all these things and get my hopes up and then leave me again. It's not fair, Tony."

The older man pinched the bridge of his nose, eyes squeezed shut like he had a headache. "I just want you to understand where I'm coming from."

"I understand. And I understand that it's all stupid. It isn't difficult, Tony. I like you. And you like me. We can just...do this. Easy. You keep going like you have been, keeping all your feelings bottled up and ignoring them, you're going to break down and not have anyone there to help."

"How unfortunate," Tony said dryly.

Peter frowned, looking at the man across from him. "You're impossible." Before he could stop himself, he was leaning across the table and catching Tony in a desperate kiss.

Tony was surprised at the kiss, but didn't break it for a few moments, letting them both get lost in it.

After that time, Peter was the one that pulled away, licking his lips. "I hate you," he said, just as Tony mumbled, "I love you."

Then they both burst out laughing.

Tony ran a hand through his hair. "I...I know you're right," he admitted.. "I just think you deserve so much better than what I can give you."

Peter leaned in again, kissing him softer this time. "But all I want is you," he whispered, all previous anger and frustration melting away. "You and all that comes with you. We can work it

out. I know we can.”

Tony smiled a little, looking at the beautiful man across from him. “I think I’d be okay with that. We can try to make this work.”

“I know we can do it.”

Chapter End Notes

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Mistakes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It had been two weeks since brunch. Tony and Peter were making things work, just like they said they would. Peter was back in work, doing everything with an enthusiasm that no one had seen with him before.

Everything was so perfect, Peter had completely forgotten about Beck.

The problem with the creepy customer had gone out of his mind and he was just enjoying his new relationship with the man he had loved for so long.

They had even come out about their relationship on social media, not wanting to hide any of it.

Probably a mistake.

But neither of them cared.

Peter was like a love-sick teenager, lounging around his apartment all day when he had a day off. He knew Tony was out of town for the day with a meeting, so he hadn't texted him. So instead he spent the day online, looking through Tony's instagram and seeing the few various posts that they had made together. Then he indulged himself in reading blogs and articles about how they had come out about being together. There were a lot of people wondering who Peter was, trying to work it out.

He loved it.

He usually wasn't one for celebrity drama (unless it involved Tony Stark...) but he absolutely loved reading what people thought.

Well, most of it. There were always going to be people hating, which he didn't love.

Lots of people questioned who Peter was, wondering what he did to deserve being with a Stark. Some recognized that he worked for SI and accused him of sleeping his way into a job. There were even some people questioning if he was a masked hero working with Iron Man and that was why no one had seen him before. Those ones made him a little nervous.

But he didn't let it bother him too much.

And that was how he spent his day. A little embarrassing? Maybe. But he was happy. So it was alright.

Then he got a text.

Unknown Number: Sorry I havent been in touch all day. Been busy.

Peter was confused.

Me: who is this?

Unknown Number: its Tony, baby. Using someone else's phone, i must have lost mine somewhere. But its okay. I can just get a new one

Me: oh. Well, i know youve been busy. Thats okay. as long as youre home by tomorrow for our date.

Unknown Number: im back already, sweetheart. Come out and see me.

Peter was a little confused. Usually Tony didn't use so many pet names. But he was mostly just excited! Tony was back. So he got dressed quickly and raced down to see his boyfriend without another thought.

<3BossMan: I'm home, honey. Got back in town a little early. Care to come to the tower to spend a

little time with me?

<3BossMan: Peter?

<3BossMan: You're making me worry. Usually you respond quickly.

<3BossMan: I'm coming over.

<3BossMan: Peter, where are you?

Christine: Tony said you won't answer your phone, what's going on?

NerdNed: dude, whats going on?

NerdNed: tony asked if you were with me because he couldnt find you.

NerdNed: where are you?

MJ:): did i just see a post saying youre missing? Please tell me you just fell asleep in some dumb place and havent woken up yet

<3BossMan: I'm going to find you. I promise.

Chapter End Notes

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Hope

Chapter Notes

Sorry there was no chapter last week, I had a crazy week with the holidays and all. But here's the chapter! And we're nearing the end now!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Thirteen days. It had been thirteen days since Peter had gone missing.

Tony was distraught. He had tried everything that he could think of to find him. He tracked the suit, which was in Peter's apartment. He tracked his phone, which was in the apartment as well. He looked for security feeds throughout the city to follow where the car had gone, but the trail went dead once they got two miles outside of the city. A plate number was identified, but the car was stolen and hadn't appeared since the kidnapping.

Peter Parker was simply gone.

But Tony couldn't afford to think like that.

So he kept looking, hanging onto the one clue he had. Quentin Beck.

The man had been seen outside of Peter's building just before the kidnapping and had been seen getting an unconscious Parker into the car. Plus, Tony knew what had gone down that night at the club. Quentin didn't take being rejected lightly.

So Tony hung onto that, hoping some sort of clue would show up, giving away their location. But of course, it didn't. Because Beck clearly knew what he was doing.

So Tony just searched what he could, hanging on to the smallest sliver of hope that he would find his baby again. Peter would be home. He had to keep believing.

"Wake up, bitch," Beck spat, roughly nudging Peter's side with his shoe.

Peter whimpered, slowly opening his eyes. But he wanted to keep them closed. He wanted to stay in his dream world, where he was still with Tony and nothing had gone wrong. "What is it?" He mumbled.

Beck kicked him hard, smirking at the yelp it drew from the young man. "Don't use that tone with me." he sighed, going to sit in the chair in the corner of the room. He sat, looking at Peter.

The boy was being kept in a small bedroom. There was hardly any light due to the windows being boarded and everything reeked of mold. The room was bare except for a chair, a vibranium stake in the ground, and a chain and cuffs made from the same metal. Beck had done his research. He knew about the strongest metal known to man, and managed to get his hands on some for just an occasion as this. Having to keep an enhanced individual in one place and compliant. He was pretty proud of himself.

"I just thought you had been sleeping too long," the man commented, looking over Peter. "Can't have you being all well-rested and relaxed, can we?" he taunted.

Peter closed his eyes again, trying to curl up again and go back to sleep. He just wanted to think about Tony like this had never happe-

"I said wake up!" Quentin snapped. "You don't get to ignore me. You know what happens when you ignore me."

Peter frowned, not wanting to think about it. Being at the man's mercy was awful enough, he didn't want to make it worse. But he stayed silent, not apologising. He just opened his eyes again.

"Today's the day, princess. Remember what we talked about?" Beck asked, voice dripping with all the sweetness of diet drink. All of it was artificial. "I'm making my demands. And letting the whole world know who you really are."

Peter sighed, dropping his head so that it thudded onto the floor. The final part of Beck's revenge. He was going to let it get out who Tony Stark's boyfriend really was. A super. And even better, a slut for money. Even though he really wasn't. It made Peter sick to think about. He had kept his identities as Spider-Man and Silk secret for seven and three years, respectively. And all of that anonymity was being taken from him by a man that despised him for barely any reason.

"I'm going to make the post. With all the news surrounding you lately, it'll quickly gain buzz. Your identities will be out. And your big bad boyfriend will have to pay up and admit to stealing ideas from everyone else."

Peter winced. There was so much hate behind the words. So much hate, directed unfairly towards the man he loved. He couldn't stand it.

Then it dawned on him.

As soon as the post went online, their location would be revealed through the IP address. Tony would find him.

And even with the sick feeling that everything left him with, there was a small glimmer of hope in that dark room once Beck left to post his insane demands.

Peter knew he would be found. Tony would save him. He had to hang onto that. And that was what he kept whispering to himself as he laid on the cold floor, giving into sleep again.

"Boss, it seems that there is someone online trying to get your attention. It is a page registered to the name Quentin Beck, the suspect in the kidnapping of Peter Parker."

Tony immediately raced to pull the new blog post up, projecting it so he wouldn't miss a single detail. Dread pooled deep in his stomach as he read. Beck was telling the world who Peter was. All of it. "Oh no...." Tony breathed. Then his breath caught in his throat. He could track the device it was posted from.

He could find Peter.

"Fri, locate that IP address and lock coordinates into my suit. Peter is coming home."

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Here For You

Chapter Summary

It took Quentin exactly two hours, three minutes, and forty six seconds to realise that he had fucked up.

That was the exact time it took Tony to locate and get to the computer that had launched the post exposing Peter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It took Quentin exactly two hours, three minutes, and forty six seconds to realise that he had fucked up.

That was the exact time it took Tony to locate and get to the computer that had launched the post exposing Peter.

Of course, anyone would have realised that they messed up when Iron Man came crashing through the window.

"Where the hell is he?" Tony snapped, looking around in order to find Peter. Friday did a scan, but she was still looking for him.

Beck looked shocked. He had been so caught up in his victory of exposing the man who had humiliated him, he hadn't considered that he had given a way for him to be tracked. Great. "He...Stark..."

Tony popped the faceplate up, allowing how angry he was to be seen. "You're going to tell me *right fucking now*. Or I'm going to kill you." He paused, considering that. "I might just do that anyways. No one hurts Peter and gets away with it."

His speech was cut short when he heard a hoarse voice calling from another room. It sounded angry and indignant, but relieved. Definitely his darling boyfriend.

He went through rooms, searching until he found the one. The room was bare and dank, but there in the corner was his boy. He was so much thinner than he had been. Tony wondered if Beck had been feeding him at all. Then he got angry all over again. He ran to his boy, looking at the cuffs that kept him bound.

"Vibranium, boss. The suit will not be able to get through that," Friday chimed in. If an ai could sound worried, she did.

Tony rarely regretted making his ai's so lifelike, but her tone was not helping his mood. "Baby boy, don't worry, we'll get you out of this. I promise." He turned back to the door. "Beck! You'd better have a key for this! And you'd better get it right now."

Peter cuddled as close to Tony as he could with no shame. He was so touch starved and lonely, and so happy to finally see Tony again. "Tones...you found me..."

Tony took a moment to look over his boyfriend. Peter was much thinner than before, but his pale skin was littered with bruises. "Of course I found you...it was simple once he posted...I didn't know why he didn't think that I could get him..." he kissed Peter softly, just relieved that he could do so again. He didn't miss how the boy flinched away. "Honey?"

Peter shook his head, but didn't get to answer before they were both startled by a car starting out front.

Tony tensed. "Fuck no." Beck was trying to escape. He stood up, going back so that Beck couldn't get away.

The car was already driving away, but Tony could easily get to in while in the suit. And he did, and pulled Quentin out of the car in the process. "And where do you think you're going? We aren't done with you. And I think we established you weren't getting out of this."

He walked back to the house, dragging Beck behind him as he went to find Peter again.

Peter looked at them, still tugging at the bonds and trying to get out of them. No luck. "Is there a key for these or something? Or will we have to get Shuri for this?"

Tony looked at Beck, tossing him to the ground in front of Peter. "Well?"

Quentin snarled, glaring at Peter. "No key, dumbass. I wasn't going to give this brat any chance to escape."

Tony's hands clenched into fists involuntarily. "Great. That means we get to your fate faster and then we can get Shuri out here to get the cuffs off."

Peter frowned a little. "He's just...going to jail, right? You've called the cops?"

And the anger melted off Tony's face at that. How could he have forgotten? Peter didn't kill. And he didn't approve of anyone else killing either. Even the man that had kidnapped him and done god-knows what else to him. Peter wouldn't want him dead. "Sweetheart, this guy shouldn't have a chance to get out onto the streets again."

Peter looked upset, but he had pretty much looked upset for two weeks now. "Tony. You can't. Just...call the cops. Get him locked up. You can't kill him."

Tony sighed heavily, looking at his boyfriend and then at the asshole that caused them to be in the situation in the first place. "Honey, I-"

"No. You aren't killing him," Peter said firmly. "Friday? Call the police and give them our location."

"Yes, Peter."

Tony frowned. "Baby girl, aren't you just supposed to listen to me? I'm hurt." He shook his head. That didn't matter. "Okay. Okay. Fine. At least let me..." he nailed Beck in the side of the head, in one more burst of anger. It would have knocked anyone out regularly, but with the suit on it was just a harder hit.

Peter watched, breathing hard. Then he looked back up to Tony. "I just want to get out of here...call Shuri and get her here as fast as possible. These cuffs hurt. And I want to go home and cuddle with you and forget this ever happened." Before he could stop himself, he was crying, face going red.

Tony knelt down, bringing his boy into his arms. "Baby...oh, Pete, honey. I'm sorry this all

happened. This never should have happened to you. I'm so sorry."

Peter sobbed, burying his face in the cold metal of the suit. "I've missed you so much. I was so scared I wouldn't see you again. I was scared I wouldn't see *anyone* again."

"I'm so sorry. I know. I know."

And that was how they stayed until the police came, Tony murmuring comforting words as Peter cried it all out. It was what they needed. They were both just relieved to have each other again

Chapter End Notes

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The End

Chapter Summary

It was going to take time. But they would get better. They knew they would.

Chapter Notes

Wow. This is the last real chapter. Wild. Thanks to all my readers that stuck with me through this whole journey!

There will be an epilogue posted next week!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was going to take time. But they would get better. They knew they would.

A lot had changed. Especially for Peter.

He went from having complete anonymity to none in just the time it took for people to read Beck's post.

So they worked on what to do about it.

He could always take the Tony route. Announce his identity to the press even though it was already out. Just a thing to confirm it.

They decided that was the thing to do.

Lots of tears were shed and a few panic attacks were had (from both parties), but it was decided. That was the way it would be done.

Peter was still freaking out by the time he got on that little stage, cameras and microphones and camcorders all being shoved towards him. His bambi eyes were wide with worry, but he pressed on.

"S-so." His voice broke as soon as he tried to speak. Amazing. He had been sure he had passed that stage in his life, but maybe not. He cleared his throat, trying again. "So. I'm sure at this point, you know who I am." He glanced over to Tony.

Tony just nodded, smiling a little. 'You're doing good,' he mouthed.

Peter was a little bit soothed by that. "Approximately three weeks ago, I was kidnapped from my home in Queens. The man who did it was an ex employee of Tony and someone that had come to the club I work at and had been rejected. By me."

People erupted into whispers. About the club mention, about who it was.

He waited for them to get quiet again. "A week ago he posted to the internet my identity. Identities," he corrected. One was more important than the other, even if both were pretty earth shattering for him. "That's...That's why I'm here. So confirm or shut down any rumors that might be circulating."

Tony stepped up beside him and wrapped an arm around his waist, seeing how he began to panic again.

The younger relaxed under his boyfriend's touch and continued again.

His heart was pounding and he was sweating like a sinner in church under those blinding lights. But he kept on. He just needed to say those four words. He needed to get them out.

"I...I am Spider-Man."

Chaos. The rest of the conference was chaos. Everyone had questions, each more invasive and nosy

than the last.

Tony handled most of it, seeing that Peter was inexperienced with this. And also overwhelmed and nearly in tears.

By the time it was done, those tears had escaped his eyes and were soaking Tony's shirt as the older man held him backstage. "That was so hard," Peter sniffled, gripping his boyfriend tightly.

Tony did his best to comfort him, stroking a gentle hand through his hair as he cried. "I know. I know. But it went well. It's okay now. Rumors will stop."

"But they know who I am," he whispered. "Everyone knows. What if someone tries to hurt May? Or MJ or Ned? Or Christine? Just because they're close to me?"

"I'm a little offended that you didn't include me in that," Tony said playfully, trying to lighten the mood.

Peter smacked his chest. "You have the suits. You can take care of yourself."

Tony kissed his cheeks, lips pressed to skin wet with tears. "I know, I know. I'm teasing." He hummed. "But...they'll be okay. We'll take measures to make sure they're okay. They'll be safe. You won't need to worry about anything."

Peter let out a soft sigh of relief. "Promise?"

"I promise. They'll be safe. And you'll be safe too."

"Thank you."

And it was true. They would be okay. Everything would be okay.

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Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Sorry I didnt get this out yesterday, I didnt have it to a place that I liked it, so I didnt want to put it out yet. Now I've gotten it good and I hope you like it!

Cant believe its over. Thank you to everyone whos stuck with me through this.

Six months had passed since the incident. And it was okay.

Peter and Tony were still together, to the delight of both of them.

It was good. All of it was good.

They had both determined, though, that the media wasn't sure how to take that Spider-Man was also a stripper. Or that iron man was dating said stripper.

Needless to say, Tony bought the club to make sure Peter would be protected. Renamed it 'Stark's Boy'. Not very creative, but the possessive side of him felt it got the point across.

And Peter still loved his job. He got to dance, watching how people gawked at him and tossed bills at his feet. Maybe his boyfriend was a billionaire, but hey, it still felt good to bring home all that cash.

Like that night. Peter had finished his last set and was getting ready for a private show. He put on his new favorite set.

All dark blue and red, black web pattern covering the lingerie. The bralette was sheer with the webbing patterned lace over it, the panties colorful but not offensive to the eyes. And it all looked great on him.

He strutted into the room, expression softening into a smile when he saw who the show was for.

"Tony," he said softly, going over to his boyfriend and bringing him into a soft kiss.

The older man smiled, gladly accepting the kiss. "You did amazing tonight. As always. Nearly had to fight a few guys that wanted to take you from me," he joked.

Peter just chuckled, kicking his shoes off and climbing onto Tony's lap with his arms around his neck. "No one is ever taking me from you. It's just you and me. Forever."

"Good. Now, about that dance?"

Laughing at the look on Tony's face, Peter nodded. "Will it be your usual?" he asked, grinning.

"Surprise me, honey. Do your worst."

"Dangerous thing to tell me," the younger man teased.

He kissed Tony softly before pulling away. "Karen? Start the music."

Was it a misuse of technology to put his ai into the club? Maybe. Did he care? Absolutely not. She made things so much easier.

He got a feel for the song that started playing from the speakers, humming. He swayed slightly, hands coming up to rest on Tony's shoulders.

Tony sat back, relaxing as he let Peter get into his rhythm to work. He was so beautiful, passionate and focused on his work.

He loved him. So much. He couldn't remember a time that he didn't love him. And he didn't want to.

They left the room a while later, both noticeably disheveled. But no one was going to say anything about it.

Walking out hand in hand, Peter held his shoes in his free hand as he walked to find Christine and tell her he was heading home.

The girl grinned when she saw him, hip-bumping him. "Hey, Pete. Clocking out?" She looked over the couple, snickering a little. "Although you look like you've had plenty of fun already."

"Shut up. But yeah, we're going home. But don't tell our boss because he'd totally freak," he joked, playfully kissing Tony's cheek.

The older man rolled his eyes, but the smile on his face gave away that he wasn't mad. "Oh hush, you."

Peter smiled, looking at him. "Love you."

"Love you too."

Christine feigned gagging, laughing at the way they acted. "Just go home. Stop eye fucking. Please."

"Never."

Once they got home they were immediately in bed, but they weren't particularly in the mood for doing the dirty. (Yeah, right.)

Instead, they were wrapped up in each other's arms, filling the silence with soft kisses and gentle touches.

"I love you so much," Tony whispered. "And you really did amazing tonight. I love watching you..."

Peter giggled softly, kissing the corner of his mouth. "Stop, stop. You're making me blush." He paused, for just a second. "No, but feel free to keep singing my praises," he teased.

Tony chuckled. "I think you've been with me a little too long. You're starting to sound like me."

"I could never be with you too long. I want to be with you forever."

"Me too, honey. I'll be here forever, whether you like it or not."

Peter smiled, closing his eyes. "I'll always want you here with me. Right next to me."

And that was how they left it. They both knew that they could do it. They were in it for the long run. So they both fell asleep, the room filled with more love than either of them knew what to do with.

And that was okay.

End Notes

Check me out on tumblr at starker-sins for more great stuff! I post moodboards and little drabbles there as well as my bigger fics!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!